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IN MEMORIAM.





IN MEMORY

OF

MAJOR-GENERAL JAMES BARNES.

*February 12th, 1869.*

PRINTED FOR PRIVATE DISTRIBUTION.



MAJOR-GENERAL JAMES BARNES

DIED AT HIS RESIDENCE IN SPRINGFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS, ON  
FRIDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 12TH, 1869.

IN THE SIXTY-THIRD YEAR OF HIS AGE.



FUNERAL ADDRESS  
ON THE DEATH  
OF  
MAJOR-GENERAL JAMES BARNES,

*February 15th, 1869.*

BY  
REV. GEORGE H. MCKNIGHT,  
RECTOR OF CHRIST CHURCH, SPRINGFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS.



## FUNERAL SERVICES.

The funeral services of General James Barnes were held at Christ Church, Springfield, Massachusetts, on Monday afternoon, February 15th, 1869, at 3 o'clock.

There was a numerous attendance of the relatives and friends of the deceased, and in respect to his memory the military organizations of the city attended in a body. Reverend George H. McKnight, Rector of Christ Church, read the Burial Service, and delivered an address upon the occasion.

The following gentlemen officiated as pall-bearers :

COL. J. G. BENTON, U. S. Army.

JAMES M. THOMPSON, Esq.

HOMER FOOTE, Esq.

JAMES D. BREWER, Esq.

A. D. BRIGGS, Esq.

JOHN B. STEBBINS, Esq.

The remains were deposited in the cemetery at Springfield.





## ADDRESS.

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It is only two months ago that a brilliant company was gathered in this church to witness a marriage ceremony. He whose earthly remains now lie before us, cold in the embrace of death, took a prominent part in that service, for his own daughter was the bride. But even then, death seemed to have marked him for his victim, and his erect and soldierly bearing only evidenced his will and courage to endure suffering, and, if needs be, to meet the last enemy with the same fortitude and heroism, in the seclusion of home and amid the quiet and pleasant scenes of peace, as he had often faced him on the battle-field, where the bullets were thickest and the strife of conflict the

fiercest. But as a soldier of the Cross he met that last enemy—not in his own strength, not with carnal weapons, not with any war-cry of this world. If he had, he would have been conquered. But with the armor of light he could triumphantly exclaim, even in the last dread hour when flesh and heart fail, “Thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.”

But how great the contrast between the scene to-day and the former one! Then, all was gay and beautiful, and the hour was one of pleasant greetings and joyous salutations. Now, mourning and lamentation have taken their place, and sadness has filled every heart. But such is life; and thus everywhere does mourning succeed joy—the tolling bell, and the solemn procession, and dead march follow closely on the heels of the marriage train, the joyous chime, and the wedding feast. Like the lights and shades that play

upon the mountain's brow, or the clouds and sunshine of a summer's day, so do scenes of joy and sorrow follow each other in quick succession nay, often commingle in this world of sin and death. And while we would by no means take a morbid view of life, or frown upon assemblies for innocent festivity and mirth, yet we would say with the royal preacher, "It is better to go to the house of mourning than to go to the house of feasting, for that is the end of all men, and the living will lay it to heart."

In scenes of death and mourning we are taught the great lesson of life—that lesson we are all so slow to learn, yet which sooner or later all must learn, viz., that this is a state of discipline, a school of trial, in which we are to be prepared for higher enjoyment, a more exalted existence—an inheritance, indeed, in the presence of God and his angels. This, then, is not our rest, it was not intended so to be. Better things are

provided : and God, by his Word and Providence, by trial and disappointment, by sorrow and bereavement, is teaching us to look aloft, to lift our eyes above and seek for a building there, made without hands, eternal in the heavens. Were it otherwise, if it were all of life to live and all of death to die, then indeed would the Divine government be inexplicable ; then the problem of life would be tenfold more profound, the mystery tenfold more dark and impenetrable ; then, indeed, it would seem as if God had created only to destroy : implanted within us affections only to crush them, hopes and aspirations only to disappoint them—brought us, in short, into being only to tantalize us for a time and then leave us to perish. But all our thoughts of God forbid any such conclusion. We cannot for a moment entertain such unworthy views of His character. Ay ! we cannot with His revelation in our hands, which teaches just the contrary—that He is merciful and

long-suffering: that He does not willingly afflict or grieve the children of men; that He loves whom He chastens; and that our "light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh out for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory."

This, however, is a view of the Divine government that men are slow to receive. Things which are seen and temporal, visible and tangible, have such a hold upon the heart: present interests and necessities so move and sway the mind, that the invisible and eternal are completely shut out, and hence most persons look for rest here. It is the dream of all as they start in life, that some paradise in this world awaits them. In youth we strain our eyes to the future, and struggle on in the present, hoping that in the evening of life at least we shall have rest and comfort. But if we live to that period, often weakness and feebleness come, or death puts an end to all our plans and prospects for ease and rest on earth. So it seems to

have been in regard to our departed friend. For years he had fought life's battle, hoping to reach a spot where he might find rest—pitch his tent, so to speak, and take his comfort, for a few years at least. But just as he apparently reached that point, death has come and rudely sundered all the tender ties of earth, and summoned him away from all its pleasant and loving scenes. When the young are taken the providence seems mysterious, and the bereavement is great. So again, when one is summoned in middle life, with a young family growing up around him who need his care, who, indeed, depend upon him for daily bread, the affliction is terrible; and while such events are more grievous in many respects than one like this, yet when one has reached the threescore in all the vigor of manhood, with a good prospect of another decade of years at least, it is sad that all the bright prospects of rest, in old age, are in a moment dashed to earth.

Such is the case we now lament. It is a little more than a year since, that our departed brother appeared as well as any of us, and his erect figure and vigorous step seemed to indicate firm health and to guarantee length of days. But even then, the seeds of that disease were germinating in his system which has finally terminated his life. That life, in view especially of the distinguished services rendered to his country during the past few years, calls for more than an ordinary notice.

General James Barnes was a native of Boston. His military instincts led him to prefer the army, and he entered the United States Military Academy at West Point July 1st, 1825. He graduated with honor in 1829. Speaking of his graduation, says another : " He was one of the starred names in a class of distinguished ability, including Generals Robert E. Lee and Joseph E. Johnston, of the Rebel Army."

After graduating, he remained for a time as

Assistant Professor of French in the Institution. Subsequently he was assistant instructor, at the same place, in infantry tactics. He served in the Black Hawk Expedition in 1832. In the same year, in view of the threatened rebellion in South Carolina, he was appointed to military duty in the garrison at Charleston Harbor. He resigned his commission in the army in time of peace, and entered civil life as an engineer. He was soon appointed Superintendent of the Western Railroad, and came to this city to reside in 1839.

Immediately on the breaking out of the great rebellion he offered his services to General Scott. He was ordered to raise a regiment. This was expeditiously accomplished, and he was appointed its Colonel. This was the 18th Regiment of Massachusetts Volunteers. On his arrival at Washington, in view of his military experience, he was ordered immediately to the front.

He was with General McClellan all through the



Peninsular campaign, where he ever manifested the high qualities of a true soldier and commander. He distinguished himself at the battles of Antietam, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, and Gettysburg. At Fredericksburg he was the only mounted officer on the line, and three horses were shot under him. For his valuable and meritorious services he was promoted to the office of Brigadier-General, and subsequently to that of Major-General.

At Gettysburg he was in command of a division, and, though wounded in the midst of the battle, he steadily refused to leave the field until victory crowned the Union arms.

At the close of the rebellion he offered his resignation, but it was refused, and not until a year elapsed was he released from duty. During that time he was on court-martial duty at Washington, in several instances where important interests were involved. From the beginning to the close of the war, General Barnes was in the active ser-

vice of the Government, either in the field, or as military commander of some important post; acquitting himself in every position with perfect satisfaction to the Government. The last public act of his life was in its service, being appointed as one of the Commissioners of the Pacific Railroad. Though at that time greatly reduced by disease, yet, at the urgent entreaty of the Government, he undertook a task which would have been laborious for a man in sound health. But weak as he was, he endured the fatigues of that long journey with the utmost fortitude, and discharged his duties with entire satisfaction.

As a man, General Barnes was courteous and affable, as a citizen most loyal and patriotic: even had he not been a soldier by profession, I do not doubt he would have offered his services to the Government with the greatest enthusiasm. As a soldier, he was a strict disciplinarian, perfectly cool and self-possessed in the hour of danger; but at the

same time modest, and unambitious for promotion. Though having conversed with him often since the war in relation to its events, yet I never heard him speak of a single exploit of his own, and I state only what comes from credible witnesses who were with him.

A single incident will show his entire self-possession, one of the highest qualities of a soldier, under sudden and apparently great peril. While his men were lying upon their arms one night, at the beginning of the war, there came a sudden crash, which instantly aroused the whole camp, and in the darkness they expected an instant attack from the enemy. We all know that there is nothing so calculated to send a panic into an army as a surprise by night. But while nearly all started to their feet, and seized their weapons, more or less confused and terrified—not knowing from what quarter the foe might come—the voice of Colonel Barnes rang out clear and steady, a number of

yards in front of his men, commanding them to remain firm and follow him. They were confident at once, and no panic ensued. At Fredericksburg, as we have said, he was the only officer mounted along the line. This seems almost rash; but it was thought that in no other way, in that terrible storm of shot and shell, could he have held his men in position. He remained mounted also at Gettysburg, where he displayed the same coolness and heroism.

I have said he was unambitious, because he steadily refused to let his name be presented for promotion by friends who greatly desired it; and although he was for months encamped within an hour's ride of Washington, he never once visited the city. While others sought relaxation and preferment there, he shared the hardships of the camp with his soldiers. In all his military career he manifested the highest loyalty and faithfulness to the Government, refusing in any and every way to

speculate out of the war. And the Government reposed the most entire confidence in his integrity and fidelity—placing him in the most important positions of honor and trust. He went to the war from the highest sense of duty, and at a great pecuniary sacrifice, and he was a martyr to his country—just as much as if he had fallen in the thickest of the fight, for the disease contracted in a Southern climate, amid the perils and hardships of the camp, caused his death. But how little, as a general rule, are the services of such men appreciated. We are enjoying to-day all the blessings of the Union, and a free Government, because men of such spirit left all the pleasant scenes of home, all the quiet and comfort of the fireside, all the endearing associations of the domestic circle, to endure the toilsome march, the exposure of the camp, the cold *hivonac*, and to brave all the terrible scenes of the battle-field. Thousands have died in the fierce fight, numbers are maimed for life, some

came back without wounds, to waste slowly away by fatal disease. They moved in our midst ; we have seen them often ; yet we who stayed at home during all that terrible struggle, when the life of the nation was threatened, when everything sacred and dear was at stake, have almost forgotten their services, and have little appreciation of what our safety and blessings have cost.

But General Barnes was not simply a soldier of his country, but a soldier of the Cross. For years he was a member and communicant of this Church. Though not educated in it, yet the order and beauty of its service, as to most military men, were attractive to him. He took an active part in the early days of the Church here, and was for several years a vestryman. Time will not permit me to enter at length into details in regard to his religious convictions or character. He was intelligent and highly intellectual, and loved to speculate upon the deep questions of theology,

and talk of the goodness and wisdom of God in His creation and government. If one trait distinguished him more than another, it was his entire and implicit faith in God's rule. This was especially prominent in his last sickness. Up to about a month before his death he seemed to entertain, at times at least, strong hopes of recovery. But when his physician announced to him that his end was in all probability drawing near, though apparently startled at first, yet he quietly, and without a single murmur or complaint, acquiesced in God's will. I said to him then that it seemed hard, now that he had arrived at a condition to take his ease, and enjoy a few years of rest, that he should be called away. He replied: "I had looked forward to such a time, but it is all right : God knows best." At another time he said, "I feel that this sickness is good for me." He seemed to realize that it was weaning him entirely from the world, and preparing his soul,

through the sanctification of the Spirit, for God's presence and glory. And all the weariness and distress of that prolonged sickness, he bore with the utmost patience and fortitude. During the last month of his sickness I visited him almost every day, and all of that time he seemed delighted to hear the Scriptures read, or some favorite hymn, and those beautiful and impressive prayers offered in the " Visitation for the Sick." Finally, he passed away without a single struggle or a groan, as if falling asleep. In view of that departure, those beautiful words of the poet come almost unbidden to the lips :

So fades a summer cloud away,  
 So sinks the gale when storms are o'er,  
 So gently shuts the eye of day,  
 So dies a wave along the shore.

He has fallen asleep in Christ. He has died in the true faith of His holy name, and entered, as we humbly trust, upon that rest which remains for the people of God.



To the afflicted friends and relatives this thought must afford all-sufficient consolation. They and we are left ; yet it is only a question of time. One by one we shall go, and the solemn lesson comes to us all to-day to prepare to meet our God in judgment. And oh ! as we stand in the presence of the dying and the dead ; as we see the vigorous and strong pale and fade under the touch of the destroyer, passing away from all those scenes of earth which arrest the attention and absorb the mind, for which men toil and labor day and night, how insignificant does this life appear ! how vain its hopes ! how paltry its interests ! After all, this is the end.

"The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,  
And all that beauty—all that wealth e'er gave,  
Await alike the inevitable hour,  
And paths of glory lead but to the grave."

Well may we ask, in view of all, the solemn question of the Saviour, "What shall it profit a

man if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?"

This is the fourth one, of the older members and officers of this church, who have passed away since my ministry in this parish. It is but a year and a-half since, that he whose loss we now mourn was one of the pall-bearers for another old and prominent member of this church. Yet, as he then sat before me, apparently in the full vigor of health and strength, I little thought that he would be the next one borne to these chancel rails cold in the sleep of death. Who will be the next summoned we know not. But I pray God that He may sanctify this solemn event to us all, especially to this church and congregation. May we be awakened by this visitation to a deep sense of the shortness and vanity of human life, and resolve to seek supremely those things above, where Christ sitteth at the right hand of God.

Soon we shall be all gone ; year by year we are

dropping into the tomb, and continually we are impressed with the thought that he only lives to a great and high purpose who lives in view of judgment and eternity. God grant us grace so to live, and so to die, that we may finally have our full consummation of bliss, both in body and soul, in His glorious and everlasting kingdom, through Jesus Christ our Lord.



[From the *New York Herald* February 13, 1863.]

## OBITUARY.

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### MAJOR-GENERAL JAMES BARNES.

A telegram from Springfield, Massachusetts, announces the death of Major-General James Barnes in that city yesterday morning. Deceased was a native of Massachusetts. He graduated at West Point in 1829, and was one of the five starred names in a class of distinguished ability, including Generals Robert E. Lee and Joseph E. Johnston, of the rebel army. General Barnes served in the army for several years, when he resigned and engaged in business as a civil engineer. At the outbreak of the rebellion, by request of the Governor of Massachusetts, he accepted command of the Eighteenth Massachusetts Volunteers, and served with great distinction in the Army of the Potomac. After the retirement of General Martindale, in 1862, he was placed in command of a brigade in the Fifth Army Corps, and in 1863 the Senate confirmed his nomination as brigadier-general, with commission to date from Novem-

ber 29, 1862. At the battle of Gettysburg he commanded a division, and bore an important part in that memorable contest. Subsequently he was made brevet major-general of volunteers. Throughout the war the deceased served with distinguished valor and ability. After the rebellion had been suppressed he resigned his commission and retired to private life. He was recently a special commissioner of the Union Pacific Railroad for the Government, and was at one time Superintendent of the Western Massachusetts Railroad. The death of General Barnes will be sincerely regretted by a large circle of friends, and particularly by the brave men who served under him during the rebellion. He was a most estimable gentleman, a true patriot, and a high-toned, amiable man.

## OBITUARY.

HEADQUARTERS, E. K. WILSON ENCAMPMENT,  
Post 16, G. A. R., Department Massachusetts, }  
SPRINGFIELD, February 17, 1869. }

### General Orders, No. 4.

At a special assembly of this encampment, on Monday the 15th instant, the following series of resolutions was unanimously adopted:

*Whereas*, Major-General James Barnes, a member of this encampment, has been removed from our midst by death,

*Resolved*, That by this dispensation of Providence our organization loses a generous and venerated comrade, the community a valued and respected citizen, society a cultivated and high-toned gentleman, and the country a pure and devoted patriot.

*Resolved*, That with feelings of profound appreciation of his distinguished services, a high respect for his public and private character, and a deep sense of our own loss, we offer our heartfelt sympathies to the family of the deceased, in this their hour of sorrow.

*Resolved*, That the headquarters of this encampment be draped in mourning, and that the comrades wear the usual badge of mourning for thirty days.

*Resolved*, That a copy of these resolutions be given to the family of the deceased, and to the "Springfield Republican" and "Springfield Union" for publication.

H. C. LEE,	}	<i>Committee.</i>
WILLIAM S. SHURTLEFF,		
SAMUEL B. SPOONER,		

H. M. PHILLIPS, *Post Commander.*

E. D. CAPRON, *Post Adjutant.*



## BOSTON OBITUARY.

### THE LATE GENERAL JAMES BARNES.

The recent death of General James Barnes, at Springfield, and the honors paid to his memory as a gallant and skilful officer in active and perilous service during our whole civil war, coupled with the mention of his useful services as an engineer in the construction of the Western and other rail-roads of great national importance, suggest some recollections of his early life in this city, where he was born and lived, until he was admitted a Cadet at West Point Military Academy. His parents resided at the North End, and were attendants on the ministry of Rev. Dr. Parkman. James was for several years a scholar in the Public Latin School, on School Street, where he distinguished himself for the rapidity with which he learned and the perfection of his recitations. Leaving school, he entered into a store on Washington Street, but soon removed to the wholesale American goods establishment of Porter, Bradley & Co., on State Street. Amiable, serious, and manly from a boy, with

an affectionate disposition, he inspired confidence and esteem in those who knew him.

Though leaving school at an early age and devoted to trade, he found time and opportunities to gratify his literary taste and improve his mind by reading and association with young men of similar disposition, and used to say he lived two lives—one in the store and one out of it. He was one of the original founders of the Franklin Debating Society, which drew into its connection a large number of young men, and attracted large audiences to its public meetings. From this branched off an association specially for declamation, called the Shakespearian Club, and a more select and limited circle for reading. To these three associations, which met on different evenings of the week, young Barnes attached himself, and was active and enthusiastic in them all. He wrote poetry and composed addresses, declaimed and took part in discussions, evincing a superior and solid mind rather than a showy and brilliant one. On the occasion of the death of the President of the Speaking Club, William Henry Lienow, about 1825, he was chosen to pronounce the eulogy. A brief extract from that performance will show the character and maturity of his mind:

“The occupations which generally employ the time and attention of the early years of life were indifferent to him; the idle amusements and frivolous pursuits of life were

viewed by him in the light that they should ever be seen by. He sought no amusements that were not attended by instruction; he indulged in no pleasures that virtue discountenanced. He was more assiduous to improve the intellect than to adorn the person, and studied rather to increase the solidity of his mind than to add to its ornaments; and as sincerity was more natural to him than deceit, so was he more desirous of the reality of excellence than merely of the appearance of it."

These words might very appropriately be said over the grave of him who uttered them, for they express traits in his own character. And, also, these other words he spoke at the same time :

"The recurrence to the memory of our friend will ever be attended with satisfaction. We have no fault to regret as dimming the lustre of his general character; we have no reason, much less desire, to throw any part of his character into the shade. There is no point of it that we dare not submit to an examination, and that will not afford something to be admired—something worthy of imitation."

When young Barnes first expressed a desire to enter West Point, it created some surprise among his friends, for they conceived that to be a minister or a literary man had been more to his taste. How to get admitted to this institution, without the aid of powerful friends or connections, was an

important question. But it was promptly solved by the decision of the person desiring admission to apply personally to Daniel Webster, then a United States Senator. Accordingly, he entered one day into his office, introduced himself, and stated his wish, asking if there was a chance. Mr. Webster received him kindly, took his name and residence, and requested him to call again, and he would in the meantime write for information. The application was successful, and the Boston boy was soon quartered at West Point, standing the *fourth* in his class the whole four years of his tuition, and commanding, the last year of his course, one of the four military companies in their annual camping tour.

While at West Point, Mr. McIlvaine, now Bishop, was the chaplain of the institution, and so able and fervent were his ministrations, that a very powerful religious influence was exerted among the cadets, and Mr. Barnes was sensibly affected, and became personally ever afterwards a decided Christian, and held for a long time the office of vestryman in the Episcopal Church. During the war he was very particularly noted for the influence he exerted to favor the ministrations of chaplains in his command.

The world knows him for his distinguished public services, but the beauty of his private life was revealed only to those who knew him in the repose and undress of home, or were privileged with his friendship. There he appeared as one

loving and beloved, filling his place as a son with great tenderness of regard, and as a husband, father, brother and friend, with rare affection and a multitude of kindnesses.

When his country called for aid he did not hesitate to offer his services, saying that she had educated him in military affairs, and now he must use that knowledge for her defence. Through the roar of battle and the wear of privations and fatigue, his life was preserved, and he was permitted to die in peace in the bosom of his family, calmly and in full faith of a happy entrance into everlasting life. Springfield, where he made his home for so many years, mourns his loss ; but Boston, his birthplace and residence during the period of his minority, and the home of his ancestry, will also lament his departure.

General Barnes leaves a widow, and sons and daughters, most of them settled in life ; the example of such a father may well stimulate them to every virtue, and his memory must ever be a source of grateful and proud recollection.

C. C. B.



IN MEMORIAM.















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